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THE *Nation*

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ANGLO-U. S. RIVALRY

The Cost of Atomic Secrecy

by Ritchie Calder

Monopoly's New Defense *Leland Traywick*

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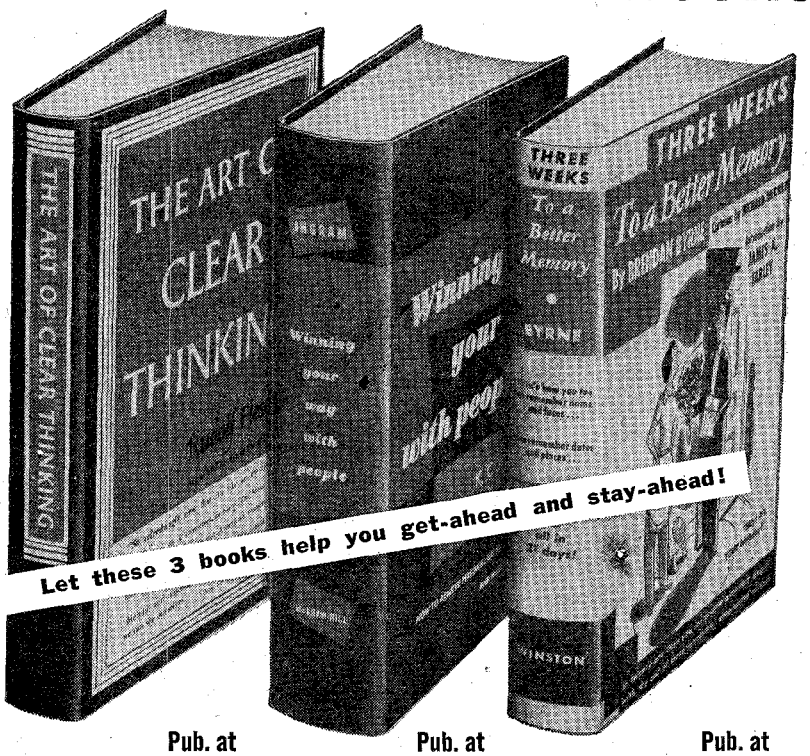
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Volume 177, Number 16
New York, Saturday, October 17, 1953

THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things

The New Secretary of Labor

The appointment of James P. Mitchell as Secretary of Labor is entirely logical. The late Senator Taft was quite right in saying that the Durkin appointment was "incredible": there just never was a place for a plumber among those millionaires. Mr. Mitchell is definitely "of management." He will give the President the kind of expert advice on labor problems that the chairman of the board of a large industrial concern would have the right to expect from an intelligent, well-trained, sophisticated, industrial-relations expert. As such experts go, Mr. Mitchell has a good record. A labor official who has negotiated many agreements with him informs us that he is likeable, trustworthy, and a fair-minded spokesman for management. Most of his dealings with labor, however, have been in the department-store field where employee morale is a vital factor; the "fight-labor" attitude has not been as conspicuous in this as in some other fields.

Politically the appointment may be scored as another victory for Governor Dewey, although Merlyn S. Pitzele, labor editor of *Business Week* and chairman of the New York State Mediation Board, appears to have negotiated it. Since the appointment had to come from management's ranks, it is fortunate that the Dewey influence prevailed; where labor is concerned, the New York Republicans are far more knowledgeable than some of the party's Midwest primitives.

The Truth Is Sugar-Coated

Samuel Boyea's article, Dent in the Crown, which appeared in our September 5 issue, gave *Nation* readers an excellent background against which to judge today's events in British Guiana. Last summer the natives of the colony, taking advantage of their first opportunity to exercise full suffrage, voted into power the People's Progressive Party, among whose leaders are several pro-Communists. During the campaign the P. P. P. was of course attacked as a Communist party in disguise; actually its program called for nothing more radical than land reform, higher wages, pensions, and other forms of social security. The P. P. P.'s victory led Mr. Boyea to comment: "When well-intentioned patriots make the mistake of labeling age-old freedoms as Communist issues and let so-called 'Communist-led' groups advocate and defend them, the voting goes against patriots."

Now the British, under the pretext of averting a threatened Communist revolution, have landed a large detachment of marines, suspended the colony's five-month-old constitution, deposed the duly-elected P. P. P. ministers, and given the British governor the power to rule practically single-handed until a new and more amenable native government can be formed. "Many were astonished," said a New York *Times* dispatch from Guiana, "at the haste and severity of London's action." But the big sugar planters approved heartily, and so, not surprisingly, did the American bauxite interests. The fact is, this is not the first time, as certain Central American countries can attest, that marines have been landed ostensibly to quell revolution from the left but in reality to buttress reaction. The pattern is as shocking as it is

Coming: THE NATION'S Book Club

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Watch *The Nation's* columns for the detailed announcement of *The Nation's Choice* Book Club.

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familiar; we hope that British liberal opinion will react as sharply to the turn of events as the $10-a-week Guianese sugar workers promise to do.

Not So Nice Discrimination

The Spanish Republicans in the Interparliamentary Union are more than a symbol of the democracy that was driven out of Spain by international fascism. They represent the essence of what the old organization stands for: government by the elected deputies of the people. To turn them out and open the door to delegates from Franco's voiceless Cortes would be a serious surrender of principle. That has not happened yet, but the position of the Republicans was undoubtedly weakened by the refusal of the American delegation to invite their Spanish colleagues to the Interparliamentary Union conference held last week in Washington. This inhospitable act was patently linked to the signing of the military pact with Franco a few days earlier.

When one consorts with a dictator it is embarrassing, no doubt, to entertain democrats whom he has driven from their country and condemned in *absentia* to death. And yet our officials manage to get along nicely with prominent exiled victims of dictatorships of the left. There must be a hidden reason for this apparent inconsistency of attitude; some day we mean to look for it.

The Unstoppable Poison

More than once in the past year the Soviet delegation has placed before the United Nations what it called evidence, in the form of sworn statements from captured American fliers, that United States planes were dropping germs or other bacterial agents on North Korean territory. Last week the United States delegation to the U. N. showed to members of the General Assembly some Defense Department movies in which five pilots, recently exchanged, repudiated the statements they admit having made and describe the means employed to extract their so-called confessions. Their stories agree on the important elements of the sufferings inflicted on them—hunger, cold, isolation, sleeplessness, filth, and alternating hope and terror. You cannot blame them for what they said in North Korea; you can only sympathize with them and be glad you have never faced their terrible choice.

At the same time one wonders what purpose was served by putting these sick-hearted men on public show. Ambassador Lodge, who presided at the meeting, appeared grimly satisfied that he was dealing a knockout blow against what he called the "bacterial-warfare item." But as evidence the performance was worthless. No one who scorns the charge of germ warfare believed the original confessions, and no one who gives the charge credence will believe the retractions. Such is the nature

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of slander—against nations as against individuals. It cannot be erased by denial, and negative proof is never a match for irresponsible charges. Now that presumption of innocence has lost its weight in men's minds, a nation accused of spreading typhus is in the same boat with a man accused of spreading treason; they can only try to outface the slander on the ground of incredibility. It seems a little callous, therefore, to parade the misery of five brave but not invincible men in order to convince those who were never in doubt.

Trieste Formula

SINCE no satisfactory solution for Trieste has ever been found, it is not surprising that the victorious powers were unable at the end of World War II to come to an acceptable arrangement. The creation of the Free Territory of Trieste was a compromise which pleased neither Yugoslavs nor Italians, though in itself it was a sensible enough idea, offering at least a chance that under United Nations supervision the old port might again assume its natural role as a major outlet for the trade of Central Europe. The failure of Russia and the United States to agree on a governor, dooming the plan, was not all Russia's fault, as commentators now glibly assert; the the United States rejected more than one eminent non-Communist candidate. As a result, however, Trieste has remained divided into British-American and Yugoslav occupation zones.

With patience, agreement might eventually have been reached, perhaps through combining partition with international control of the port. But by 1948 Washington was less interested in the future of Trieste than in bribing the Italians to vote down the Communists. Quite arbitrarily the chief Western powers, acting under American inspiration, promised the whole Free Territory to Italy. Obviously this indefensible pledge could not be redeemed, but it served its purpose; a little later, when Yugoslavia broke with Moscow, the Western leaders said no more about it. But Trieste was still there, a burden to the occupying powers and a continuing irritant to Yugoslav-Italian relations in a time when unity among "free nations" held a high priority.

The sudden announcement last week that the United States and Britain would withdraw their occupation forces and return Zone A to Italy was a new switch, made like the prior one without consulting the nations directly affected and without notifying the United Nations. Its real purpose, again, was an ulterior one—to prevent Italy from using the Trieste issue as an excuse for delaying ratification of the E. D. C. treaty. Invented, apparently, by Ambassador Luce, the idea was described in Washington as "the only practicable method of breaking the impasse between Italy and Yugoslavia." What it actually did was to generate riots, bloodshed, and nationalist rage in Belgrade and bring a clear threat from Marshal Tito that his forces would march into Zone A if the Italians did.

Russia's formal protest against the Anglo-American move may have been strictly for the cold-war record. Nonetheless, it was technically justified—the delivery of Zone A to Italy clearly contravenes the peace treaty—and was no more cynical than the ready-made formula which the Western powers plan to impose. The events of the past week testify again to the futility of trying to resolve intricate political differences with pat devices intended for other ends.

COST OF ATOMIC SECRECY

Anglo-U. S. Rivalry . . *by Ritchie Calder*

London

BRITAIN'S proving of the atomic bomb —the equivalent of Los Alamos—took place at Monte Bello Island, Australia, last year. This month the equivalent of Bikini, complete with the press and observers, will be staged at Woomera Range, in the South Australian desert.

RITCHIE CALDER is science editor of the London News-Chronicle *and author of "Profile of Science" and other books.*

The gap of seven years between United States and British achievements represents a tremendous gulf in the atomic relations between the two countries.

Since the "somber decision" which Winston Churchill warned Roosevelt in March, 1943, he was obliged to take, Britain and the dominions (actively, Canada) have had to "go it alone" and create an atomic program independent of the United States. What is not generally realized is that the rift occurred during the war and that the McMahon act and the "vetoes" of Vandenberg and Hickenlooper were locking a door which had already been slammed.

Because the facts are not generally known, Americans do not understand the resentment and the cold reproaches of British scientists or the oblique references which Churchill frequently makes. And that is why, when they cast up Nunn May, Fuchs, and Pontecorvo in justification of exclusive security, they

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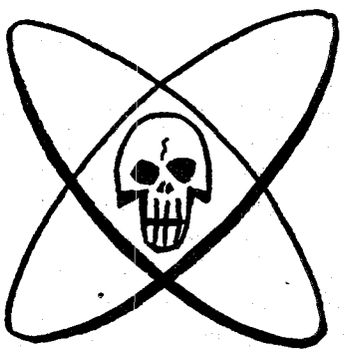
do not clinch the argument. These cases were a *post hoc propter hoc* excuse for discrimination which began much farther back.

NOBODY, including, it would appear, Churchill himself, is quite clear as to what was really agreed on when in June, 1942, it was decided that the British and American atomic programs should be merged. It was a "gentleman's agreement," but neither at Hyde Park nor at Casablanca nor at Quebec was it defined exactly enough to avoid misunderstanding and recrimination. Churchill, in Opposition, called upon Attlee to produce a document, which, he implied, would establish the terms of the Quebec agreement. He did not get it then, nor has he produced it during his own term of office. But it exists, because it was the basis of Vandenberg's threat to vote against Marshall Aid unless its terms were changed.

We must go back farther than August, 1943, for even then the canker was nagging. Briefly, for the record, the early history (British version) of the atomic bomb was as follows: After the discovery of the chemical break-up of uranium by Hahn and Strassmann in Berlin, Frisch and Lise Meitner in Copenhagen established the release of energy by uranium fission. Early in 1939, after Halban, Joliot, and Kowarski had printed a letter in *Nature,* the British scientific journal, showing how a neu-

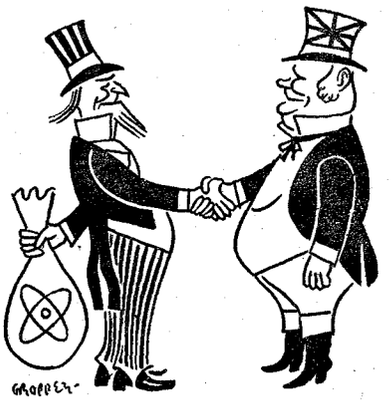


tron-flux could be maintained, Sir George Thomson began experiments with a borrowed ton of uranium oxide, and by the outbreak of war it had been proved that through use of a moderator—the preference being heavy water—a chain reaction might be set up. But the practical difficulties seemed insuperable until Dr. Peierls, together with Dr. Frisch, who had come to London from Copenhagen, pointed out that the difficulties lay in U.238 and did not apply to U.235. When France fell, Halban and Kowarski escaped to Britain with almost the entire stock of heavy water then existing in the world. Researches were pressed forward.

In July, 1940, Britain made a full disclosure of all existing facts to the United States authorities, and there was an exchange on a scientific level. By the summer of 1941 the Thomson committee had drawn up a report for the consideration of a Cabinet committee, and in September, 1941, Sir George Thomson handed over that report to Dr. Vannevar Bush and Dr. J. B. Conant and strengthened the hands of those who were pressing for a much more vigorous program in the United States. A month later Professors Urey and Pegram visited Britain. The visit was returned by Peierls and Simon, who took with them the plans for the gaseous-diffusion separation of U.235.

Under the guise of "Tube Alloys" a body had been set up in Britain for developing the work. Then, because Britain was under blitz and its resources fully extended, it was decided to carry on a joint operation and move the further developments across the Atlantic. This meant that the British personnel, including the key scientists, were transferred to the United States under Sir James Chadwick, discoverer of the neutron, to combine with their American colleagues in the "Manhattan Project." In fact, as events proved, they were submerged in that project.

OF THE Hyde Park discussions (June, 1952) which led to this merger Churchill in a later acrimonious exchange with Roosevelt through Hopkins said, "My whole understanding was that everything was to be on a basis of fully sharing the results as equal partners. I have no record, but I shall be much surprised if the President's recollection does not square with this." By March, 1943, it was obvious that his understanding did not square with the events or with the exchanges, in the meantime, at Casablanca. The British personnel were "lost" in American security. In February, 1943, Churchill was demanding free exchange of information. He cabled to Hopkins, "The American War Department is asking us to keep them informed of our experiments while refusing altogether any information about theirs." He later sent a complete record of all Anglo-American dealings and claimed "on grounds of fair play" that full cooperation be restored. Then, in



March, he issued an ultimatum—"the somber decision" that Britain would be compelled to go ahead separately. The only satisfaction he got was the reply that the President could not overrule the military, who regarded the secrets, and the British personnel, as their exclusive concern.

Leaving out national chagrin, it might be argued that the eventual bomb would serve the common end. But the British case then was that this would in fact create a post-war American monopoly of industrial atomic energy. As events proved, this was also the American view. Attlee, as Churchill's successor, found himself confronted with the claim that the agreement—this still undisclosed document—effected the transfer of technological development of atomic energy to the United States and with it the right to determine the peace-time uses. (This, of course, was buttressed by the fact that military and civil materials were common and, consequently, a security risk.) Whatever else the agreement may have had to say about the British and Canadian right to approve or veto any decision to use the bombs—the issue which provoked the Vandenberg threat to kill Marshall Aid—this claim was one of the things that took Attlee and Mackenzie King to Washington in the fall of 1945.

Nor does that compass all the deep misunderstandings. The joint British-Canadian Montreal operation was designed to work closely with such United States projects as the Chicago pile. But from the date of America's entry into

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the war the British and Canadians received nothing but basic physical data, although they kept the Americans fully informed of all research and development in Canada. The frustrations of the scientists in Montreal led to morbid suspicions and dangerous reactions.

Notice that all this occurred before passage of the McMahon act, which merely confirmed by legislation the existing situation. And it had nothing to do with the subsequent failure of the U. N. Atomic Energy Commission or with Vandenberg's insistence that the United States must make the decision on the use of the bomb—a suborning of Attlee which shocked his supporters when it was disclosed. So far this account has been concerned with the conduct of allies in war and, for that matter, with the "confiscation" by the Manhattan Project not only of British brains but of researches which had cost Britain $180,000,000 at the time of the merger.

AS FROM March, 1943, Britain had no choice if, as an industrial nation, it was to hold its own in atomic energy. This was abundantly clear when, after his discussions with Truman in Washington, Attlee returned to set up *from scratch* the British atomic-energy program.

The Chalk River station in Canada had served as a base. There British personnel subsequently to be used at Harwell Atomic Research station and in the production plants were in training, and there the blueprints for Harwell were worked out. Sir John Cockcroft remained as director of Chalk River until he took over at Harwell. The English research station was constructed on an old airfield on the Berkshire downs. It was an enormous job; in addition to determining the know-how of reactor operations, first in a small pilot pile and then in a large-scale one, all the problems of health and safety had to be worked out. Among other things, because the effluent discharges into the Thames, which supplies much of London's water, every trace of radioactivity had to be removed from it.

Without help from United States experience but with guidance from the try-out at Chalk River, Britain had to wait for the confirmatory results from Harwell before it could complete the production plants—Springfield, Lancashire, preparation of pure uranium from ore; Windscale, Cumberland, production of plutonium in atomic piles; Capenhurst, Cheshire, production of separated U.235 by diffusion plant; Amersham, Buckinghamshire, preparation of radioactive substances; and Aldermaston, Berkshire (with Fort Halstead, Kent), research on atomic weapons. It was an appalling undertaking for a country which at that critical juncture must rebuild homes and schools and factories, convert its industry for the struggle for survival in a world in which it had to export to buy half its food, reorganize and reequip its mines in a period of desperate fuel shortage which paralyzed productive industry, replace power plants staggering to obsolescence because in 1941 all generator building and replacement had been stopped and the factories turned over to aircraft, and put through a welfare program.

In the circumstances it seemed crazy to launch an atomic-energy program, but this was no prestige fight—at the outset it was not even a military effort. It was as much a struggle for survival as the rest, since Britain, unlike the United States with its abundant sources of alternative power supplies, needs industrial atomic energy. By 1960 the British Electrical Authority will be facing an additional demand for current equivalent to 13,000,000 tons of coal a year. As that coal may not be forthcoming, there is practically a deadline for electricity generation by nuclear power.

After the insistence on the purely peaceful aspects of the program it came as a shock to many Labor Party supporters, when in 1948 the Labor Minister for Defense announced that Britain was embarking on bomb production. This was "going it alone" with a vengeance. All the war-time arguments against an atomic arsenal in the vulnerable British Isles were surely still valid, though less cogent since United States atom-bomb-carrying planes were already based there. When Churchill came to power he expressed sardonic surprise at the thoroughness with which the Labor government had gone ahead with the atom program and especially at the advanced state of the missile side, which he indicated had cost $300,000,000 unrevealed to Parliament.

When Churchill congratulated all concerned on the success of the Monte Bello explosion it was with the knowledge that Britain had been unable to borrow a single kilo of prepared uranium from the United States or a milligram of plutonium even for laboratory experiments and that, thanks to Vandenberg, all discussion of metallurgical problems had been barred. There is an irony in his renewed efforts to reestablish joint operations, since he implies—and no one can judge whether or not he is right—that in default of American cooperation Britain has improvised know-how that the Americans may not have.

Meanwhile work has begun, at Cal-

Excessive Secrecy?

Two big atomic explosions and some small ones are to take place at Woomera [Australia] in the autumn. The experiments will be carried out by British and Australian scientists, but no Americans are being invited. Their exclusion may seem quite fair, because it was the United States and not Great Britain that closed its doors to the atomic scientists of the other nation (and to Canada). Since 1946 the United States has been exploding bombs and rockets in the deserts of Nevada and New Mexico, as well as among remote Pacific islands. No Commonwealth visitors have been allowed any closer than they could get as tourists on the main roads and railways, and there is no immediate sign that the United States is going to relax its restrictions. But the duplication of effort is senseless. Why should the Commonwealth countries spend millions of pounds to discover the effect of an atomic explosion on ships, cities, and people when the Americans have already done it? Why should the United States have to devote millions of dollars to discovering certain mechanisms which the Commonwealth already has? It is sheer waste. Yet it is happening. The Russian explosions and the British progress have given two spurs—small ones, so far—to the notion in the United States that perhaps atomic secrecy has been excessive. A sharper jab is needed before a change of policy can come.—*Manchester Guardian.*

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derhall in Cumberland, on the first British industrial power pile to generate electricity, and a site is being chosen for the first breeder pile to exploit the results of the pilot breeder developed at Harwell and to produce more atomic fuel than it consumes. In conception it will be independent of the breeder pile built by the United States Atomic Energy Commission at Arco, Idaho. The slogan is still "No connection with the firm opposite."

The government seems determined to disengage atomic developments as much as possible from its direct control and to open the way for private enterprise. A committee under Lord Waverley is examining, not the desirability, but the means of doing so. At the moment the program is directly under the control of the Ministry of Supply. That may not be the most suitable arrangement, but any attempt to hand over to private capital the only industry that was conceived and born nationalized will mean one of the bitterest political struggles that Parliament has ever seen.

Otherwise, Britain, ten years after Churchill's warning, is well set up in the atomic-energy business.

EGGHEADS ARE ROLLING

The Rush to Conform . . *by Nelson Algren*

"IF YE turn up the gas in the darkest heart," Mr. Dooley liked to say, "ye'll find it has a good reason—a good varchous reason—for the worst things it done. Like protectin' the liberties of mankind or needin' the money."

"So soon as you have a military class," Woodrow Wilson agreed with Dooley, "elections are of minor importance, because they determine the political policy, and back of that political policy is the constant pressure of men trained to arms, enormous bodies of disciplined men wondering if they are never going to be allowed to use their education and their skill and ravage some great people with the force of arms. That is the meaning of armaments."

Five years have passed since we began, once again, to rearm. Do we therefore feel more safe against attack than we did five years ago? Do we find ourselves with more friends in the world? Have our rights as free men been made more secure? Or have we only demonstrated that when we keep in private hands industries which depend for profit upon war and preparation for war, we are putting a hot-car thief in charge of a parking lot?

Just as the Russians use the charge of Zionism to blanket criticism by terror, so our air-force magnates use pitchmen like McCarthy and Velde to keep orders mounting. Charles E. Wilson, of General Electric, writing in the *Army Ordnance Journal* as far back as 1944, felt we ought to be less secretive about such orders: "War has been inevitable in our human affairs as an evolutionary force. . . . Let us make the three-way partnership [industry, government, army] permanent." The conservative editor of *United States News*, David Lawrence, began to get the drift a couple of years later: "Our whole government is beginning to adopt the philosophy that the United States must have a big army, navy, and air force, and that military demonstration, instead of the language of reason and justice or self-denial, is foremost. This is the only solution that Hitler found for Germany's troubles."

SAY I'M STANDING knee-deep and sinking in the muddy waters of the Little Calumet. Some anxious patriot paddles up to bring me comfort and joy: if the Little Calumet were the Volga, he says, I'd be up to my ears. And he paddles away as contentedly as if he'd really done something for me.

Nor does it help me to be told that I better stop saying Ouch when McCarthy gives the screw another turn—lest the Kremlin overhear my yip and tape-record it for broadcasting to Europe. The insistence of these remaindered intellectuals on the short leashes that we don't have any notion of what a real drive for conformity, such as goes on in the U. S. S. R., can be like reveals loyalty to nobody save Henry Luce. Who has decided that we should now exert all our influence in the world for such purposes as we see fit and by such means as we see fit? "America does not go abroad," John Quincy Adams corrects him, "in search of monsters to destroy."

Monsters enough roam the local wilderness. Watching Luce and McCarthy battle is like watching two dinosaurs go at each other—it doesn't make any difference which wins because they're both extinct. If they're not, then we are—the great confident majority of Americans whom Adlai Stevenson described as "the generous and the unfrightened, those who are proud of our strength and sure of our goodness and who want to work with each in trust, to advance the honor of the country."

It no longer suffices to express our doubts privately. The out-loud kind of doubting which rescued American thought in the twenties from the files where the McCarthys and McCarrans and Jenners of that decade had locked it is what we most need in the timorous fifties. We need someone to take the place of Dreiser and Mencken, Sinclair Lewis and Veblen and Steffens.

Again the little editorial fellows in the London collars are hawking the alarm on every newsstand that only by napalm and thunderjet can the American way of life be saved, that no man can now call himself loyal who will not pledge allegiance to the commander of the nearest American Legion post and to the mob-mindedness for which he stands. By placing economic boycotts on dissenters, we are told that we will in-

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sure the liberties of conformists; by hobbling scientists and teachers we will guarantee academic freedom; if we can but build a space platform before anyone else we will insure national contentment.

When we can make a half-hero out of a subaqueous growth like Whittaker Chambers and then place a government employee under charges because unidentified informants allege that "his convictions on the question of civil rights extend slightly beyond that of the average individual," it is time to call a halt.

"Risk for risk," the wonderfully named Judge Learned Hand writes, "for myself I had rather take my chance that some traitors will escape detection than spread abroad a spirit of general suspicion and distrust which accepts rumor and gossip in place of undismayed and unintimidated inquiry. I believe that that community is already in process of dissolution where each man begins to eye his neighbor as a possible enemy, where non-conformity with the accepted creed, political as well as religious, is a mark of disaffection; where denunciation, without specification or backing, takes the place of evidence; where orthodoxy chokes freedom of dissent; where faith in the eventual supremacy of reason has become so timid that we dare not enter our convictions in the open lists to win or lose. Such fears as these are a solvent which can eat out the cement that binds the stones together; they may in the end subject us to a despotism as evil as any that we dread; and they can be allayed only in so far as we refuse to proceed on suspicion, and trust one another until we have tangible ground for misgiving. The mutual confidence on which all else depends can be maintained only by an open mind and a brave reliance upon free discussion."

"I do not believe in democracy," Herbert U. Nelson of the National Association of Real Estate Boards differs; "I think it stinks."

"Those nations who profess to fear our methods most will soon be most closely imitating those methods," was how Adolf put it. And echo answers: "What is good for General Motors is good for the country."

If you turn up the gas in the hearts of our business brass you'll find a good reason—a good varchous reason—for investing more and more heavily in the Korean adventure. Such as protecting the liberties of mankind.

Or needing the money.

MONOPOLY'S NEW DEFENSE

Countervailing Myth . . *by Leland E. Traywick*

THE brazen, unmitigated monopolistic power held by a few corporate giants in the United States amounts to a conspiracy against the general welfare. A mere fraction of 1 per cent of all corporations controls some 50 per cent of total corporate wealth. At the turn of the century gigantic mergers took place in oil, copper, lead, sugar, paper, salt, powder, cans, whiskey, coal, steel, and other lines. By the late 1920's more than half of all public-utility companies were controlled by three corporations and another third by ten holding companies. In World War II, 10 manufacturing companies received 30 per cent of the dollar volume of war contracts and 100 companies 66 2/3 per cent; in the Korean war 10 companies received 40 per cent and 50 companies 66 2/3 per cent. Big business is constantly becoming more concentrated and more powerful. The end can only be the replacement of free enterprise by industrial feudalism.

Yet opposition to monopolistic power is traditional in this country. Although Americans have admired the successful careers of Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, Vanderbilt, Mellon, and Ford, they have condemned their tactics. And the feeling against the great impersonal corporations has been even stronger. It used to be that a jury would almost unfailingly bring in a verdict of guilty against a bank, an insurance company, or a railroad. The idea of economic slavery was extremely repugnant to our people. At present, however, profitable and powerful concentrations of business are being justified in various ways. We are told, for example, that concentration of power offers no problem if it is offset by another concentration. This counterbalancing need not be effected by sellers competing with sellers but by buyers working against sellers and sellers against buyers. A firm may be restricted in its market power by those from whom it buys as well as by those to whom it sells. The emphasis is thus not on restraints from the same side of the market but from opposite sides. Monopolistic power exists, but since monopolies offset monopolies, there is no danger. This is known as the theory of countervailing or counterbalancing power.

Illustrations are carefully chosen to bolster the argument. In such industries as steel, automobiles, electrical goods, rubber, and farm machinery powerful labor unions hold management in check. This is no accident. Since big business begets big labor, counterbalancing power automatically comes into being. The reverse is also true: big management offsets big labor. Similarly, strong retailers check strong manufacturers. The mail-order houses, the food, variety, and department-store chains, and the cooperative buying organizations have a strong incentive to develop counterbalancing power. Using simple bargaining methods, Sears, Roebuck was able to sell Goodyear tires for from 20 to 25 per cent less than the manufacturer. By threatening to make its own cornflakes the A. and P. was able to reduce the price it had to pay for cornflakes 10 per cent. Detroit was one of the few places

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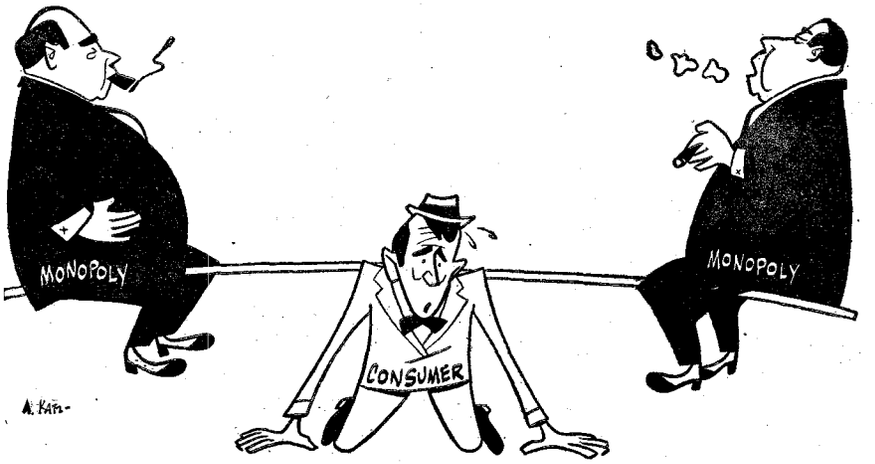

in the country that had no basing-point delivery price for steel, since the big automobile companies could play one seller off against another and so wage the only successful war against the monopolistic prices of the steel companies. Such examples could be multiplied by references to Woolworth, Kresge, Penney, Rexall, and other strong retailers.

APPARENTLY, therefore, the monopolists have been forced to yield some of their power. Imbalance existed but is now in check. On theoretical and practical grounds it seems that the pending anti-trust cases against the A. and P. and the duPonts should be dropped. The system of offsets works for the benefit of all. What, then, is wrong?

First, the system of counterbalancing power is not controlled by any restraints from outside. Big management may be successful in checking the big unions, and the chains may subdue the manufacturers, but who is to check management and the chains? Is it to be the government? The answer is clearly in the negative when one sees how the lobbyists and pressure groups made up of big enterprisers coerce the government and even more how the government is coerced from within. In the early days of the Federal Trade Commission big business did not attempt so much to fight its decisions as to get its own men on the commission so that the "right" decisions would be made. At one time the Attorney General of the United States, who is charged with enforcing the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, actually worked for its repeal! And after it was clear that repeal could not be accomplished, the only cases he brought were against labor unions.

Lately it has been suggested that the appointment of big-business thinkers to virtually every key post in the federal structure rules out any action against the giant corporations. It might be added that men who divest themselves of corporate securities seldom experience a change of heart. Perhaps the old adage never had more force: "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." Big business, the big press, big radio and T.V., and big patronage are currently working together. Such an unchecked concentration of economic and political power cannot be glorified by calling it a counterbalancing power. If there is nothing to check it, we have neither economic nor political democracy.

Second, the system does not really provide internal checks on concentrations of power. Rather, it is a struggle in which the strongest wins. Take the case of the big unions and big management. During periods of prosperous business activity, a seller's market, neither works against the other to win an oppressive victory. Instead, both agree to promote the wage-price spiral under which all sellers win—to the detriment of the consumer. In periods of recession or depression, a buyer's market, unions are too weak to fight management. Workers will often gladly take pay cuts if only they can keep their jobs. So big management, which produced big labor, is not counterbalanced by its offspring. Neither in good times nor in bad is effective counter-power exerted.

Third, since the system of counterbalancing power has neither external nor internal checks and is not, therefore, a regulatory mechanism for the economy, it tends to intensify inflations and depressions. During both the 1940's and 1950's the problems of price and wage controls were aggravated by the combined front that management and labor presented to break ceilings and dispose of control boards. One of the primary reasons for a depression is that business interests make their adjustments in output and employment instead of in prices. The recovery of our economy from the great depression was not accomplished by the counterbalancers but by the strong hand of the government: lower taxes, a system of progressive income taxes, and spending for immediate relief and long-run capital projects. Since then it has not been concentrations of power on the same or opposite sides of the market but war or rearmament that has propped up our economic system.

Fourth, the really great danger in the concept of countervailing power is the presumption that power will be concentrated in the hands of the few, which is the essence of totalitarianism. Free competition among *many* buyers and *many* sellers—economic democracy—is diametrically opposed to control by a few. Those who favor a system of counterbalances would promote high tariffs—import duties build big enterprises. They would repeal the Robinson-Patman act—price discriminations help big business. The counterbalance of power means privilege and discrimination. The overthrow of political democracy begins in corporate concentration.

*Fifth, the theory of counterbalanc*ing power appeals to those who believe in an undemocratic world where everything is left to the "experts" and the ordinary citizen surrenders his initiative in the political, religious, social, and economic field. People have done this again and again—in Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia. Only a citizenry that is aware of the danger and willing to fight on the economic and the political front can maintain its democracy. Freedom is not for the weak. Totalitarianisms of the left or right are for the weak and the indifferent. The United States can be captured from within just as easily as any other country. The danger lies partly in the strength of the totalitarian forces of corporate collectivism but more especially in the lack of positive resistance to those forces.

WHAT CAN be done? While there is still time, the concentrations of corporate power must be broken up. The tools are at hand. The anti-trust laws are still

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valid; only their vigorous enforcement is required. A competitive capitalism for the many sellers and many buyers is still workable. As Franklin D. Roosevelt once observed, the difficulty with the system of free private enterprise is not that it has failed in this generation but that it has not been tried. New theories will not justify old evils. The courts must break asunder what man has illegally joined together. Just such a dissolution of concentrated power was effected by the Public Utility Holding Company Act at a time when people were more conscious of what power in the hands of the few really meant.

Let us insist upon free markets for free men; let us have no power of economic life and death vested in the few. Let us learn from what we have seen happen in other capitalist countries. Even as we would reject political dictatorship we must reject economic dictatorship.

GERMAN LABOR'S PERIL

The Authoritarian Adenauer . . *by Carolus*

Bonn

ON THE morning of September 7, after the radio had given the final results of the Bundestag elections, I heard through the open window the following conversation between two workers: "Well, what do you think of it?" "That Adenauer! Next year we will have Adolf back."

These sarcastic words may only reflect the bitter disappointment felt by eight million Social Democratic voters, but there is some truth behind them. A Swiss newspaper, quoting the opinion of a foreign diplomat, said much the same thing: "Another election like this and German democracy is dead."

True, the overwhelming electoral victory of Chancellor Adenauer was a victory of the center. The extremists of right and left were routed. But it was not a victory for democracy. The Führer principle defeated Germany's only reliably democratic party and reduced it to a hopeless minority. This principle, which functioned so brilliantly in Hitler's day, is still thought of with nostalgia by many Germans.

The good bourgeois democrats who support Adenauer's coalition but are honestly horrified at the amount of power his victory conferred upon him console themselves by saying, "At last Germany has a two-party system," shutting their eyes to the fact that since 1949 Adenauer has been the strong man of an authoritarian system of government. No German Chancellor before Hitler ever enjoyed such power—except Bismarck; many Germans, indeed, have dubbed Adenauer "the Catholic Bismarck." And a further similarity can be pointed out: just as the Prussian Bismarck owed his political and military successes to the benevolent neutrality of czarist Russia, so Dr. Adenauer owes everything to the United States.

IF THE Federal Republic were to offer today no other ground for pessimism than the plight of the West German unions, that would be enough to worry an honest observer. Apart from the Social Democratic Party, a purely political organization whose 700,000 members are scattered in thousands of towns and villages, only one position of power in West Germany today is not subject to the will of the Chancellor and the governing coalition—the General Confederation of German Trade Unions (*Allgemeiner Deutscher Gewerkschaftsbund*), an organization of six million workers and employees. Before Hitler there were two such organizations in Germany, one Christian Democratic and one Social Democratic. Hitler destroyed them both, confiscated their properties, and threw their leaders into jails and concentration camps. The trade-union movement was transformed into the "Labor Front," an organ of the government and of National Socialism, which every worker and employee had to join if he wanted to keep his job. Robbed of any trade-union content and of the right to strike, the Labor Front became a source of strength to the National Socialist dictatorship. It represented a great triumph for the German employers, and their colleagues abroad were only too willing to applaud their achievement. The big industrialists of all countries could overlook the crimes of the regime when they viewed the German totalitarian paradise where there was no class struggle and no workers' movement. It was only later that Hitler presented his account.

Labor organizations were the first to show signs of life after the grisly end of the Third Reich. Having learned that division meant weakness, the workers and employees of West Germany created in 1945 a single organization, the A. D. G. B., with no political or religious ties. About half a million of its six million members come from the former Christian trade unions and support the party of Chancellor Adenauer. The great majority vote Socialist. Nine-tenths of its officers are Socialists.

A few days before the federal elections the A. D. G. B. executive published a manifesto warning the workers, first of all, against neo-Nazi maneuvers and asking them to protect democracy and social progress. Reminding them that the previous parliament had ignored the workers' demands, it launched the slogan: "Elect a better Bundestag!" Dr. Adenauer's reply was a murky campaign against the unions based on the charge that they had violated their political neutrality and had taken a stand in favor of the Socialist opposition. The federation officers met at Essen and unanimously approved the manifesto. There followed new threats of

CAROLUS is the pseudonym of a prominent Social Democrat who acts as The Nation's *correspondent in West Germany.*

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Die Tat (Zurich)

From a German Colonel's Album

vengeance from Adenauer and his ministers, and the day after their electoral victory these threats were carried out. The Christian Democrats, through their social-work committees, demanded that the labor movement be emasculated along Hitlerian lines. Members of the party were to be attached to the federal executive of the A. D. G. B., to union executives down to the smallest local branches, and to all union-operated newspapers, schools, and educational organizations in order to "guarantee their political neutrality." Christian workers were to form special unions within the unions, and their separate organizations were to be recognized by the union authorities. To give a stronger emphasis to these demands Cardinal Frings and the C. D. U. ministers brandished the big stick and threatened to form a separate Christian workers' federation.

The Association of German Manufacturers was free to collect a propaganda fund of forty million marks for the government parties, but members of works councils lost their jobs when accused of having made electoral propaganda for the Socialists inside the factories. John Foster Dulles warned German voters against the Social Democrats and asked them to vote for Adenauer, but the largest association in Germany, the federation of unions, was expected to remain dumb. However, the skin of the bear was apportioned without consulting the bear, and the six million members of the A. D. G. B. reacted with outbursts of anger and protest. "We are a democratic organization," the unions declared, "and our executives and officials are elected democratically by our members. We will permit no direction from above." The ultimatum issued by Adenauer and the C. D. U. was treated as an "intervention in the class war." A joint meeting of the federal executive of the A. D. G. B. and of its national committee, held on September 30, unanimously voted to consign it to the waste-paper basket. The proposed *Gleichschaltung* was rejected even by the C. D. U. men in the unions.

It is highly unlikely that the Christian Democrats will admit defeat and let it go at that. By using their parliamentary majority and by applying the methods of the cold war they will try to get what they failed to get by direct action. After all, why did the industrialists spend millions to insure Adenauer's victory? They will certainly demand what they paid for. They will insist that the teeth of the workers' organizations be drawn. Already the present Minister of Justice is recommending, for renewed use, "legal regulation of the right to strike," which really means prohibition of strikes and labor legislation. It does not matter that German workers achieved the much-praised "economic miracle" by their will to work, that they have borne the burden of the lost war and of reconstruction by accepting a policy of maximum prices and minimum wages, that they defeated communism in the factories, and that without them the Communists would have taken Berlin and would be standing today on the Rhine—all this is not enough. "Up with prices and down with wages" has become the slogan of the victorious coalition; that was the purpose for which the election was fought. At the time of the currency reform, capital represented by savings—the pennies saved by the masses—stood at 71,000,000,000 marks within the present borders of the Federal Republic. Today it stands at 3,600,000,000. Capital invested in stocks and bonds amounted to 21,000,000,000 marks in 1948. It is worth 21,000,000,000 marks *in gold* today. These are the profits which the big men earned at the expense of the small—and they want still more. The unions are for them merely a disturbing factor.

SOON after September 6 Adenauer succeeded where McCarthy himself had failed last spring: the best newspaper in Germany, the State Department-owned *Neue Zeitung*, stopped publication on the request of the Chancellor. This was Washington's first victory gift to Adenauer. Why was the paper sacrificed? Because Adenauer wanted to have a "Ministry of Information," Goebbels style, with control over the press, radio, film, and news agencies. Protests from newspapers and from abroad blocked the plan, but it is bound to reappear in a different form and to be embodied in legislation. Dr. Adenauer has his docile majority and he knows what he wants.

All bourgeois ideological divisions were submerged in the election struggle by bourgeois class interests. Fear that the economic conditions of the inflation days might return made fourteen million voters choose Dr. Adenauer and his party. Nevertheless, the Socialists, standing for anti-militarism and willingness to negotiate with Russia, obtained one million more votes than in 1949.

Even before Adenauer's victory the German Republic was economically the strongest country in Europe. Now it is the deciding factor in European politics. Only the army is still missing. When that has been re-created, the old game can start all over again. The German bourgeoisie no longer needs a Hitler. It needs only a two-thirds' majority in Parliament, and that it has. Soon the governments of the *Länder* will be brought into line and this will mean a two-thirds majority in the Bundesrat, or upper house. The federal bureaucracy is already won over. And so back to Bismarck and his authoritarian state. The first Bismarck was a Prussian Junker. The new Bismarck comes from the Catholic metropolis on the Rhine, the capital of German heavy industry.

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J. Alvarez del Vayo

Laniel in the Lion's Den

Paris

THE French Parliament met one week before its official date, though several weeks after the date asked by the leaders of the August strike. The respite thus gained by M. Laniel saved his Cabinet from a possible fall, but it has hardly helped to solve the three great problems which France is now facing: to satisfy the demands of the workers, to find a way of putting an end to the war in Indo-China, and to avoid the rearmament of Germany.

As regards the first point, there are clear signs announcing a new period of social unrest. The Laniel Cabinet's policy of lowering prices in order not to have to raise wages has had a brief period of success. Prices fell at first but, as has often happened in such cases, soon regained their original level. There is no more convincing proof of this than a visit to one of the popular covered markets in Paris to listen to the conversation of women making their purchases. For every woman who says that she is now spending less money in the market than she did before M. Laniel and his Finance Minister, Edgar Faure, published their decree-laws, there are nineteen who say that they are spending just about the same. Markets and factories are better sources of information on France's social problems than newspapers or speeches of political leaders. The French worker is still as dissatisfied today as he was during the August strikes.

The first alarm was given by partial stoppages of work in the nationalized railroads, gas and electric industries, and the post office. These strikes could not be compared with those of August, and the government could speak of a Communist failure. But it must be remembered that the August strikes too were slow in developing. Unlike in August, when the initiative was taken by the Force Ouvrière and the Catholic unions, and the Communists followed their lead, this time it is the Communist-controlled C. G. T. which leads the strike movement. The government likes it better this way because it makes it easier to denounce the agitation as predominantly political and the strikes as a Communist maneuver. The government pretends to believe that the present strikes, coinciding as they do with the reopening of Parliament, aim at impeding the ratification of the E. D. C. treaty. But however much it may try to discredit their purpose, there is no doubt that in the prevailing social climate and as long as wages remain at their present low level, it matters little who starts the strikes and from what political motives; there is always a good chance that the mass of the workers will follow a call to strike. I have heard French industrialists say they would not be surprised if this agitation were to produce before the end of the year a real general strike, a much more serious affair than the strikes of last August. Some industrialists and business men are even talking of a coming revolution in France.

THE SECOND great problem facing M. Laniel and the Assembly is Indo-China. It would appear at first glance that M. Laniel had scored a considerable victory here. The additional aid of $385,000,000 granted by Washington for the prosecution of the war in Indo-China has made possible considerable cuts in the budget. The reduction in military expenditure announced by M. Faure to the Assembly is due above all to the United States having undertaken to equip the Vietnamese national army. The pro-government press and the Premier himself are singing the praises of French-American solidarity. But a goodly number of deputies, including some belonging to M. Laniel's parliamentary majority, agree with the definition given by *Le Monde*: "A contract is a contract. Washington is supplying the money; what else can we supply but men?" In a much talked-about article published in the same newspaper on September 30, J. J. Servan-Schreiber posed the question whether France should accept this money. For once France accepts the money it must pledge itself to push the war in Indo-China to a victorious conclusion. The war goes on, and such a pledge opens up a perspective totally opposed to the proposal of negotiating peace in Indo-China, which brought M. Mendès-France within an inch of the premiership when he appeared before the Assembly to ask for a vote of confidence four months ago.

It will be a long time before the Vietnamese national army is fully equipped. In the meantime, more French soldiers will have to be sent to Indo-China to fulfil the obligations France assumed by the "contract." This is in itself enough to create a political problem for any French government, in view of the great unpopularity of the Indo-Chinese war. But more than that, it will further complicate the issue of the European army, against which the president of the Assembly, Edouard Herriot, recently took a very strong stand in an interview with Geneviève Tabouis in the financial organ *l'Information*. The supporters of ratification of the European-army treaty by the Assembly are now concentrating their efforts on demonstrating that France can put into the field sufficient divisions to counteract the presence of German divisions in the army. But if more and more battalions are to be sent to Indo-China, where will the men be found to form the French divisions of the European army, and how is it possible for a Frenchman not to feel more alarmed than ever at the rearmament of Germany?

This line of thinking undoubtedly prompted some of the Cabinet last week to propose a five-power conference—including China—with its agenda limited to Far Eastern questions. Once France is free of the burden of the Indo-Chinese war, its bargaining power in Europe will be tremendously increased.

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BOOKS

The Too Long Reach

MARRIED MEN. By Ira Wolfert. Simon and Schuster. $7.50.

By John W. Aldridge

FOR some years now Ira Wolfert has been building a reputation for literary competence of that rare high kind which is so close to excellence that we must assess it rather as the product of an aspiration strained beyond its means than as a symptom of a talent which has found it more profitable to cheat than to aspire. Although he has had perhaps more opportunity than most men, Mr. Wolfert has never cheated: the impulse behind his aspiration has remained holy. But it is none the less true that his aspiration has been of such quality and directed toward such ends that it has been doomed from the start to exceed his creative grasp. He is the sort of man who probably should never have come to the novel in the first place. He is by nature ill-equipped for it, and perhaps because he senses his inadequacy he is always trying to make it do work it was never meant to do, at least in such hands as his, or to twist it into some hitherto undiscovered form more congenial to his limitations.

What his limitations are must by now be notorious, for he has displayed them to good effect in two novels before the present one. They consist, in brief, of a certain averageness of mind, a certain mediocrity of taste, and a certain obviousness of feeling, all of which have caused him embarrassment in his dealings with the larger philosophical abstractions and the finer complexities of human emotion and behavior. In at least one of his earlier works, however, Mr. Wolfert was able to get around his limitations by the simple strategy of doing nothing to call them forth. When he wrote "Tucker's People," his first novel, in the early forties, he depended almost entirely on his very superior journalistic gifts—his clear perception of environmental detail, his deep sympathy for and understanding of the various dwarfed personality types which inhabit the modern underworld, and his ability to exploit to great dramatic effect the shade of difference between a fictional account and its constantly intruding factual basis.

Of all his gifts this last probably served him and the novel to best advantage, for it made it virtually impossible for the average reader to see the fiction except through the haze of his emotional response to the social condition against which the fiction was a protest. And the same was true of his reaction to Mr. Wolfert's war novel, "An Act of Love": he saw it as a glorious confirmation of his most cherished conventional attitudes toward the patriotic fact of war as he was able to observe that fact under the fevered and overblown circumstances of 1945. He did not recognize Mr. Wolfert's fatuousness in that novel, or his oppressively manic view of the joys of dying in battle—if he had, he would have been obliged to recognize them as his own, and that, in 1945, would have amounted to an act of subversion.

Mr. Wolfert's gift for exploiting the moment had seduced the reader into taking a meretricious view of the fiction, precisely as it had enabled Mr. Wolfert to elevate meretriciousness to the level of a kind of low literature. I do not say he did this deliberately; he simply happened to share the attitudes of the great mass of his public. But it did have the effect of forestalling for a long time the critical judgment of his powers as a novelist which we are now compelled to make. For now, in "Married Men," he has chosen to present, in journalistic form and language but in the terms of a conception far beyond the range of his journalistic gifts, a body of material from which no meretricious influence of timeliness or popular interest can arise to help him.

Mr. Wolfert's material in "Married Men" is no less than the moral and industrial history of a certain imaginary sector of American life in the modern era; or, to put it another way, the novel represents an attempt to analyze on a major scale the politics of the relationship which once existed in this country between the structures of economic class and the structures of the self. That Mr. Wolfert has largely failed in the attempt, or that, in some respects, his is one of the most important failures we have suffered in the novel in recent years, is not for the moment our concern. What should interest us first is his method, for that is the form in which his failure is transmitted to us and the form which, in large measure, his failure takes.

THE STRIKING feature of that form is its enormous size: Mr. Wolfert's failure consists partly in his compulsive inability to make it smaller. The novel runs to slightly more than a thousand pages; and we are told on the jacket that it was revised three times. There can, consequently, be no mistake about it: Mr. Wolfert thought he knew what he was doing and could do no less. But what he thought he knew must escape our immediate comprehension, for in this country, at least in recent times, such garrulity as his has come to be thought of more as an ailment than as a method—the affliction of writers who, having failed to capture their subjects in youth, must resort in middle life to chasing them down through pages of print.

In the European novel, where garrulity is very nearly the grand tradition, we are inclined to accept it or, more often, to ignore it because it is usually inseparable from some great sustaining subject, some vast generalizing conception of man in nature. Even when Dickens and Dostoevski were writing novels to order, which they were not at all above doing, they were careful to write them by the pound rather than by the yard. Their subjects, furthermore, were not something they pursued; they were something they had, as elderly Boston gentlewomen have their hats. But American writers tend to have material rather than subjects, impressions rather than conceptions, feelings rather than emotions; and what they are apt to feel most intensely about is merely themselves. In this re-

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spect Mr. Wolfert is no Thomas Wolfe. He is not in the least interested in himself. If anything he is closer, in some of his technical resources, to the Russians. He has a sense of dramatic scene and detail that is nearly Tolstoyan; he even shares somewhat in Tolstoy's great preoccupation with the mechanics of power and its effect on men. But he is what Tolstoy would have been if he had been drugged and imprisoned, chained to a desk and condemned to write endlessly long after he had ceased to think. And his novel is a kind of "War and Peace" *manqué,* what Tolstoy might have written if he had had merely all that material, all that sweep, and no suitable form in which to make of his material a truly meaningful dramatic subject.

PROPERLY SPEAKING, the material of "Married Men" is of two kinds. There is on the one hand the massive narrative itself, documenting in endless detail the life histories of the characters against the background of the social and economic history which they and their kind collectively produce. On the other hand there are the countless tedious passages of seemingly interpolated philosophical and metaphysical discourse which are apparently intended to serve as the vehicle for Mr. Wolfert's idea or theme. Ideally, the material should be impenetrable to analysis of this sort. There should not be two kinds at all, but one. The body of the novel should consist of a single, fully objectified unit of dramatic meaning, complete in itself and demonstrating through its own symbolic and imagistic properties the philosophical implications which are intended to rise out of it. This is the great lesson we have learned in the novel since Flaubert and Henry James. But it is a lesson which Mr. Wolfert's experience and cast of mind do not allow him to learn. His narrative moves along like a vastly independent convoy laden with action, while his philosophy is made to race after it and weave in and out through it like a police patrol heavy with monitory intent. And what is more, the narrative and the philosophy have behind them two completely different and violently incompatible systems of perceiving and explaining the reality which it is the business of the novel to engage.

The narrative is oriented on the old-fashioned historical-naturalist premise, a belief in the efficacy of sheer horizontally accumulated detail to produce a convincing picture of reality. Its traditional literary form is the saga, chronicle, fake journal, and the kind of novel which has come down to us through Zola, Balzac, Norris, Dreiser, and Farrell. Its traditional technique is garrulity. Its traditional goal is not literature but the reproduction of life. Philosophically, it represents a rationale which has been untenable for the last fifty years; for the findings of nineteenth-century European scholarship on which it is based have been that long in the discard. It assumes a mechanical universe governed by natural law and force and a static view of human behavior as simply a chemical and ganglionic response to environmental stimuli; and that is not the universe we have inhabited or a view we have been able sensibly to hold since the appearance of Freud and the publication, in 1905, of the first Einstein papers.

THE BURDEN of Mr. Wolfert's philosophy, however, is existentialist, in the respect that it assumes a relative universe and a view of human destiny as an achievement of the responsible or "engaged" will operating within an order of time, space, and nature which is quite the opposite of the mechanical order of the naturalists. Its traditional literary form is the novel of introspection and sensibility, the novel of James, Virginia Woolf, Conrad, and Faulkner, where dramatic realization is as a rule achieved through the realization of a character's power of free choice, his attainment of selfhood. The question it asks, the question that is asked over and over again in the speculative portions of Mr. Wolfert's novel, is: what can a man do to bring about such a realization in terms of his whole nature? But the question which the narrative asks is: how can a man gain sufficient freedom from the social and economic trap in which environment and chance have placed him to find out whether he has a nature? It is clearly the first of these questions which Mr. Wolfert wishes his novel to answer, or at least to raise; but he has chosen to raise it within the framework of a narrative technique which, by the very nature of the world view it represents, can provide an answer only to the second. The result is that, even as Mr. Wolfert raises his question, his narrative rules it out of order; even as he struggles to save the souls of his characters, his narrative damns them. It is only at the very end of the novel, through what we must interpret as a sacrificial act of self-sabotage, that he is able to impose salvation on them; but by then it is much too late.

The terms in which the characters are introduced to us, the only terms in which, given Mr. Wolfert's method, they can be introduced, are those of naturalist determinism. This is to say that they are seen as the passive victims of forces set in motion by the environment surrounding them—in particular, by the psychological environment created through their relations with their immediate families. In the case of each of the leading characters the directing compulsive force is Oedipal: each in his own way must kill his father in order to release the fathering or self-creating principle within himself. This might well have served as the scaffolding on which Mr. Wolfert could have constructed his existentialist novel if he had been able to persuade his narrative to cooperate. But the insight into the psychological nature of his characters which he gives us, largely through his expository passages, is obscured and finally vitiated by the contradictory motives which his narrative causes his

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characters to have. Wes Olmstead, his prototypal tycoon, is *shown* to be driven, not by an impulse toward creative selfhood, but by an ultimately self-destroying desire for wealth and power; and the vast industrial empire which he builds in the service of this desire comes to represent the ultimate in spiritual impoverishment for the men under him. Elizabeth, his wife, while also ostensibly motivated by a need to become "existent" as a self and as a woman, is *shown* to be motivated by impulses no less acquisitive than her husband's when she undertakes a political career.

It is perhaps because Mr. Wolfert sensed and sought to reverse the direction in which his narrative was taking him that he chose, at the last possible moment, to resolve his characters in terms of an existentialist destiny. Olmstead, at the end of his life and in complete contradiction of the facts of his nature as previously given, is made to develop a conscience and to work for the creative betterment of his men. Elizabeth later on is inexplicably released into womanhood by Olmstead's death and, even more inexplicably, by the suicide of Banty Springer, a former Olmstead employee whom she scarcely knows.

But Mr. Wolfert's last desperate efforts are not entirely wasted. The story of Banty Springer, which forms the long concluding section of the novel, is surely one of the finest pieces of sustained narrative writing to be produced by an American novelist in many years. It is like the scenes of Joe Christmas's castration in Faulkner's "Light in August" and Axel Heyst's sacrificial death in Conrad's "Victory," in the sense that it represents one of those rare and almost unbearably lucid moments when all the tensions and ambiguities and, in this case, contradictions which have been spreading through a novel and holding it back from climax suddenly release and resolve themselves in a single tranquillizing act of perfectly rendered drama. But with all its perfection, Banty Springer's story is still not enough to save the novel. The thick tissue of paradox and inconsistency which has grown up before it in the narrative has already crowded out the master design in which it might have taken a significant place.

In these times of indiscriminate praise and blame, one further distinction needs still to be made. "Married Men" may be a crashing bore and a nearly crashing failure. But even at its most boring it is always serious, and even in its failure it testifies in a major way to the high quality of Mr. Wolfert's intent, the continued purity of his aspiration. It also stands well above the majority of the novels which, in its size and form, it so much resembles and with which it is certain to be compared. I mean those voluminous provocations to aphasia which go by the publicity names of "saga" and "chronicle" and "epic" and "panorama" and which seem to prophesy, in their every line, the coming of that day when the publishing of books in America will at last have been delegated to a gigantic autonomous printing machine, whose business it will be to turn out great bundles of paper between gaudy covers, to be sold in the millions to an audience so anaesthetized that it will no longer know or care that there is no print whatever on any of the pages.

The City Beautiful

THE CITY OF MAN. By Christopher Tunnard. Scribner's. $5.50.

By Albert J. Guerard

THIS encyclopedic work, written with loving care by a highly qualified man, cannot be summarized in a few words. My review might profitably be reduced to: "Read it; enjoy it; ponder it." Lest I be accused of unreasoning enthusiasm, let me start with two minor reservations. The book is announced as the first to emphasize the role of art since Camillo Sitte's (1889). Now Sitte's approach, of limited but intense interest, is totally different from Tunnard's. And there is no city planner worth his salt who does not consider his craft as an art, the most complex, the most subtle of all. If we choose to disregard Lewis Mumford as being a crusader rather than a technician, Werner Hegemann cannot be swept aside. Gratuitous claims weaken faith.

My second objection is, to use the French phrase, "that the bride is too fair." Tunnard is full of poetic visions of the past and of the future, and translates them into such glowing language that the effect is at times one of baroque splendor. It is true that the puritanical functionalist Le Corbusier writes with even greater fervor: a blend of Isaiah and Westbrook Pegler. Wear dark glasses, and the essential moderation of Christopher Tunnard will be apparent.

There are three main aspects to city planning. The technical must never be neglected: collective good housekeeping, *cf.* the *American City* magazine. The social requires longer and larger views. The slums are the result of shortsightedness and greed and can be cured only by energetic social consciousness. If Robert Moses tells Mumford that we have to build wrong because building right would not pay under the present system, then the system must be altered. Finally, there is the artistic side, in every sense: adequacy to purpose, elegant economy of means, preservation of the storied past, best use of natural amenities, opportunities for leisure and pleasure, and a stimulus to the imagination. A church which is unequivocally a church, a memorial, even a triumphal arch fulfil their function, which is not purely mechanical. I do not know whether beauty is truth; I do know that beauty is a truth, or a part of the truth.

> All the latest New York buildings were planned by architects who fancy themselves economists, sociologists, or business men. The way out for our architecture is difficult. It involves a completely different training for the young. It demands boldness and no cringing. . . . If we can accept the reality of beauty in architecture, a change will have come about. If we continue to hope for beauty as a by-product of design, good buildings will not be the result.

In other words, America's business is not business, for "good business" is not necessarily good. The purpose of the book is described as "the recovery of beauty in the city: a new approach." Strange that it should seem new! It is the great tradition—not a return to ancient styles but the preservation of a spirit. The quest for beauty is the high road; profit-seeking is but a dingy blind alley.

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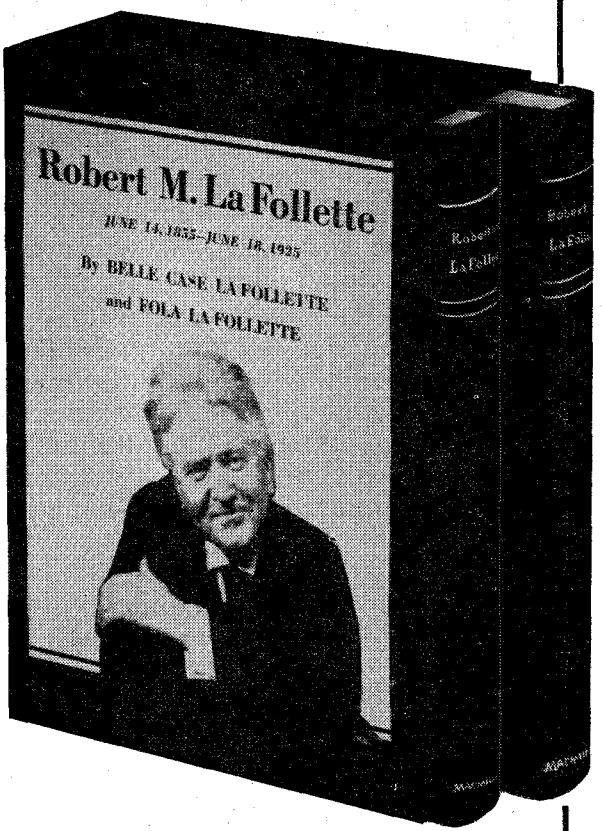

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New Books in Brief

Peace with Slavery

THE GREAT PEACE. By Raja Hutheesing. Harper. $3.50.

A well-known journalist who participated in India's struggle for independence, Raja Hutheesing long felt that his country's "millions continued to live without hope in hunger and ignorance" and that China "seemed to offer a new way." This book, describing the author's two visits to China in 1951 and 1952, is also the chronicle of an Asian's disillusionment. For, while an Indian, Hutheesing is at the same time a humanist who found he could not accept the constant surveillance, the sight of repression and fear, and the sham of a totalitarian regime masquerading as a "new democracy." Unfortunately for the impact of the book, this revulsion often diverts the writer from straight reporting, for which there is such need, to editorial condemnation, of which there is such a surplus.

Yet the book does have merit. It is another demonstration of how Mao's China affects non-Communist Asians able to tour the country, and here and there it has revealing flashes of Maoism in action. Perhaps the best is the story of how, on a trip to Manchuria, Hutheesing identified aloud a race course reported infected by "American germs" and now innocently used as a pasture. The penalty of alertness came the same night. Hutheesing was awakened near the Great Wall and informed he would have to be detained since he had no plague certificate. At Shanhaikwan two doctors with white masks awaited him. One of them was attaching the needle to a defective syringe with bare fingers. Not a drop of the glucose in the syringe went into Hutheesing's arm, but the fiction of "germ warfare" was preserved.

Tiger Hunter's Boyhood

JUNGLE LORE. By Jim Corbett. Oxford. $2.50.

In this fourth volume by the author of "The Man-Eater of Kumaon" Colonel Corbett is concerned chiefly with his boyhood and youth in the hill country of India. His early years appear to have been a sort of Kiplingesque idyl in the course of which he absorbed rather than learned jungle lore, and his education seems to have made him into a sort of Kiplingesque hero. Some readers of a previous book were offended by the paternalistic attitude toward "natives" which he took for granted; other readers may be slightly troubled by his assumption that hunting is the normal source of a knowledge of nature. Colonel Corbett, however, seems to have "played the game" strictly according to the code. His paternal concern for the welfare of the natives is genuine, not a pretense. His sportsman's code is not—like Hemingway's—a mere excuse for meaningless slaughter.

"Jungle Lore" is remarkable, like his earlier books, for its extraordinarily direct, unself-conscious, and vivid narrative.

Our Stake in Italy

THE UNITED STATES AND ITALY. By H. Stuart Hughes. Harvard. $4.

This first-rate contribution to Harvard's admirable American Foreign Policy Library seeks to penetrate the "deceptively happy mask" that hides the tragedy of Italy from most tourists. Mr. Hughes, who was in Italy during the war with the O. S. S. and has been a frequent visitor since, combines the eye of the trained historian with an unpatronizing affection for the Italians. Clearly and succinctly he uncovers the roots of Italy's major political and economic problems, giving particular emphasis to the "tragic disequilibrium" between the industrialized north, a part of modern Western Europe, and the poverty-stricken south, where the mass of the population has barely emerged from the Middle Ages.

Until World War II, American foreign policy was but little concerned with Italy. Since then the United States has become a predominant power in the Mediterranean with a major stake in the integrity and prosperity of the country that divides that sea in two. But while we have done something to aid Italian recovery and have intervened—clumsily—in Italian politics, there is, Mr. Hughes believes, much else we might do to strengthen Italian democracy to the point where it would become a strong link in the NATO chain. Lower tariffs on Italian products and more generous quotas for Italian immigrants would ease the country's economic difficulties and pay huge dividends in goodwill. Of even greater import would be American technical and financial aid, and moral support, in applying to the south "a kind of shock treatment—a rapid succession of measures for land distribution, land improvement, power development, highway building, and industrialization all going on at the same time." For until the frail craft of Italian democracy is better ballasted, it is liable to be wrecked either on the Scylla of a revived fascism or the Charybdis of communism.

Posed and False

THE MONUMENT ROSE. By Jean Garrigue. Noonday Press. $3.

Jean Garrigue's second book of poems leaves me, as her first left me, with an impression of sensitivity undisciplined and of perception unsorted from eccentricity. There are indeed moments in which the vision starts, but the statement too often descends to gabble:

> Music at this, for whom the kings throw dice
> Or favor your wild beauty by that sky
> They know the gods appareled white with stars
> Who stung and pale, indifferent as those maps you rule,
> Are then appointed by our passioned wills, know you?

or:

> And we are blood, blood—
> Moves in our mind. Is it blind, blind?
> Is as well, wine. Is it doom? As much
> Song. And the night plucks open our veins,
> Strong, strong!

I am reminded of a line from Miss Garrigue's first book: "They are kicking a man in the head to death." May not a poet be expected to know when he has stumbled on the unsalvageable?

Similarly in Song for a Marriage the opening invocation bids an unidentified messenger to go to the loved one and to "say for me/The words she said whose secret I do keep." But if the poet keeps the secret of the words, how can the messenger repeat them?

This same disregard of basic prose

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elements becomes sheer grotesque in a poem built around the classic refrain: "My cat peed in the coalbin, why?" Miss Garrigue uses that rhetorical "why" to spring for universal meaning:

> My cat peed in the coalbin, why?
> Well, God himself asks many things
> And gives no reason for the sky.

A possible perception perhaps, but that "why" is posed and false. Miss Garrigue knows very well that her cat peed in the coalbin because coal can be scratched at. If there must be mystification, let it be of the mystery. The literal is still precisely perceivable. Sidney Solomon has done a superb job of book designing.

Southern Authors

SOUTHERN RENASCENCE. Edited by Louis D. Rubin, Jr., and Robert D. Jacobs. Johns Hopkins. $5.

This symposium on literature in the modern South, gives a peculiarly narrow view of that region as a breeding ground for authors: the younger generation is not discussed, nor are Negro authors, nor authors who write of the South although they were not born there. Indeed, Faulkner is nearly equated with Robert Penn Warren, Erskine Caldwell, Caroline Gordon, and (heaven help us all!) Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

Theater

Harold Clurman

FROM a trade angle there would seem to be little point now in reviewing "The Strong Are Lonely," which closed after seven performances. But the play was patently superior to most shows we see—including many successes. Apart from an insufficiently integrated production, "The Strong Are Lonely" failed because its subject matter, though based on a fundamentally universal theme, is foreign to our theater audiences.

Religion in our country is not only separate from the state; it is separate from our lives. The religious impulse, as well as certain consequences of religious training, certainly enters into our thinking and behavior more than we commonly suppose, but we are not used to viewing religion as an active, practical central force of our daily concern. In Europe, where the church has played a vital part in the development of states and cultures, where today there are important parties which to a large extent are secular functions of the church, vying for control of the bodies as well as the minds of entire nations, the problems posed in "The Strong Are Lonely" are almost topical.

To put it as baldly as possible, what Fritz Hochwalder's play—originally called "On Earth as in Heaven"—asks are the age-old questions: Can Christianity serve as a practical doctrine? Can there be a truly Christian state? More specifically, can the church, in the light of the original Gospel, function as a radical or revolutionary political agent? Must the church deal only with men's souls or can it face all man's problems, including the social? Shall the church merely render unto Caesar what is Caesar's?

Hochwalder's play depicts the trials of a Jesuit Father Provincial who wishes to make Christianity a living force on every level of man's activity. As such it is an absorbing and impressive work, though its ending is ambiguous, sentimental, and probably evasive. As a piece of theater it is unusual and dramatically sturdy in a near-classic vein. It is a pity that it could not be produced here under conditions more favorable to a cordial hearing than those afforded by the Broadway system.

"TEA AND SYMPATHY" (Barrymore Theater) is a totally successful play because it deals with a theme which has a strong appeal to our audiences and because it is extremely well produced.

I speak of the play's theme, although I was not altogether sure at first what the theme was. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the play tells an interesting story which suggests a number of themes none of which are emphasized or probed at any particular depth. The story is that of a sensitive prep-school boy who on very slight evi-

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dence is suspected of being a homosexual. The suspicion is furthered because the boy is a shy, introspective adolescent given to playing the guitar, "long-haired" music, and discussion of plays like "Candida." The main theme therefore is a defense of the special person in a society which tends to look askance at the "odd" individual, even the unpremeditated non-conformist. If the play has a message, it is to the effect that a boy like its protagonist may be more truly a man than those falsely rugged folk who oppress him.

The play also cautions us against prejudice, slander, and false accusation—in a word, is a plea for tolerance. Naturally, we are all for it: every contribution in this direction is more than welcome. Yet in this regard I cannot help thinking that we have arrived today at a peculiar brand of tolerance. We tolerate the innocent! We say "this person who is accused of being off-beat—socially, sexually, or politically—is not guilty; we must therefore be tolerant." If he is guilty, should we then tear him to bits? I should prefer to see a play in which, let us say, a homosexual is shown to be a genuinely worth-while person and the persecution that he suffers is presented as a disease within ourselves.

This thought leads me to another. In our theater we are forever beginning all over again. When O'Neill wrote his early plays, we felt we had come of age: we were now free to speak as forthrightly as any of the Europeans. We could be not only frank but, if we pleased, savage or pessimistic. Though now easily acceptable, a play like "Tea and Sympathy" is probably still regarded by many as adventurous and advanced, though it is actually primitive in its theme, characterization, and story development. It is, in fact, a very young play.

This is no adverse comment on it. It is the work of a young playwright, Robert Anderson, whose approach is honorably craftsmanlike and humane. He has been greatly aided by Elia Kazan's production, which represents our professional best. Everything is done with admirable meticulousness and theatric acumen by a finely chosen cast.

Deborah Kerr is beautiful to behold as well as gratifyingly warm and simple. John Kerr is a real find—a delicate, intelligent, handsome, and virile young man. Leif Ericson, who plays the rather obnoxious and underwritten part of a bully-boy husband, is an excellent character actor whose work in pictures is generally an abuse of his talent. All the others, notably John McGovern, are completely right. Mr. Kazan has rendered his author and actors a true service.

Films

Manny Farber

THIS is the age of elephantine, humorless films that show little if any artistic endeavor. The latest example of gigantism, "The Robe," deals with a Roman counterpart of Lanny Budd who gets around to all the important Biblical events. The story, however, is less important than the fact that it is presented on the new CinemaScope screen, probably the widest and largest in existence. The screen is exploited here chiefly for spectacular mural-type photographs in which every detail is clearly defined: the movement of the camera lens is usually a slow sideways one, giving you the impression of looking at the world through a slot-in-the-wall.

These overpowering views have been colored and composed with some of the skill that went into "Moulin Rouge," but they exist as great static blocks of scenery, with the characters—from Lloyd C. Douglas's enormously popular book—squeezed in between in an unintentionally funny way: the camera seems to bump into a leading character standing in the middle of a street, open plain, or mountain top with nothing to do but gaze off into the distance. If he is played by a hammy actor like Mature, the fellow's face can be seen moving like mammoth plates of steel. But no matter who the actor, the character is usually a forlorn figure who looks as if he had stumbled into the center of a Music Hall set on the wrong cue.

"The Robe" tells the story of a young tribune (Richard Burton) who annoys an evil, effeminate prince regent to the point where he is sent into the worst spot of the Roman Empire. In Jerusalem he starts out as indolent playboy, falls under the spell of the new religion, and eventually operates like Douglas Fairbanks spreading the gospel in Rome itself. There has been so much effort on Twentieth Century–Fox's part to put this first CinemaScope production over that about all you notice is the dull competence strewn into a hundred and one corners of the film. Only a few actors really individualize their roles. Someone named Jay Robinson enacts the petulant prince regent with a weird wobbling walk in which he invariably teeters off to the side before moving forward—he reminded me of both Leon Errol and an untalented Charles Laughton. On the credit side there are Frank Pulaski, Jr., as a tough, taunting Roman commander, as hard as anyone I've seen in movies, and a humanized bit by Richard Boone, who as Pontius Pilate has only to wash his hands in a distracted way.

Director Henry Koster and script writer Philip Dunne may have tried to spark up the movie by making the nonbelievers more manly and the Christians less obviously saintly than is usual in Hollywood journeys through the Bible. In the case of the Cana Christians—Dean Jagger as Justus and Michael Rennie as Peter—the characterizations come out insipid anyway. Jagger talks and acts as if he were a colored preacher in a 1930 Hollywood musical, and Rennie just moves around making you conscious of the shoulder padding under his toga. The other actors—most of them British (Burton, Simmons, Thatcher)—are adequate in a one-dimensional way. Burton plays the proud, hot-tempered, somewhat cocky hero with an angry set to his mouth and an impetuous way of moving and talking.

Some of the usual faults of Biblical melodramas have been avoided in "The Robe." There is less sadism and sex of the glamorous, freely brushed-in type that De Mille has used so often, but what there is, is definitely corny. In a clanking sword fight around the dusty main street of Cana the sound-effects crew steals the show with its phony

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noise-making while the swordsmen slice away in rhythmic patterns. The thrills are mild and invariably the product of the spectacle scenes. One of the best of these, Christ's entrance into Jerusalem a week before the Crucifixion, handles a swirling line of marchers in deep space with the skill of an old master. But the whole intent in such scenes—to produce static pictures that are breathtakingly big and colorful—seems as philistine as anything I've seen recently, reminding me of nothing so much as the worst examples of calendar art.

Records

B. H. Haggin

SEVERAL more performances by Dinu Lipatti—of Chopin's great Sonata Op. 58, his lovely Nocturne Op. 27 No. 2, the fine Mazurka Op. 50 No. 3, and the Barcarolle, parts of which are very beautiful—have been issued on an LP record (Columbia). They were recorded in 1947 and 8, and the sound lacks fullness and brightness; but the lyricism and grace, the unfailing taste and feeling for continuity in the traditional rubato style, the unfailing precision and considerate treatment of the instrument are sufficiently audible.

When the record with Lipatti's performance of Mozart's Sonata K. 310 was issued I said the work could be played with more power; but that performance was power itself compared with the delicate miniature Friedrich Gulda produces (London). The style is more successful in Mozart's engaging Rondo K. 485—successful, for one thing, in pointing up, in its delicately sensitive way, the bold modulations in the piece. And there are also sensitively illuminating performances of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat minor from Book 2 of "The Well-Tempered Clavier," of which the Fugue is more interesting than the Prelude, and his English Suite No. 3, of which the Prelude and Sarabande are moderately interesting.

The delicacy and sensitiveness work well in Chopin's Preludes Op. 28, which Gulda plays in the traditional rubato style but with good taste (London). These are the best performances of the pieces that I have heard on records (and I might add that Goldsand's are the best I have heard of the Etudes).

Six of Scarlatti's finest Sonatas—Longo Nos. 23, 387, 395, 411, 449, and 463—are played by Casadesus with fluency and deftness, if not with sharpness and sparkle (Columbia). He also plays some pieces by Rameau—a Gavotte, "Le Rappel des oiseaux," "Les Sauvages," and "Les Niais de sologne"—which are for the most part quite engaging.

Scarlatti spent many years in Portugal and Spain; and his influence is evident in some of the charming pieces of eighteenth-century Spanish and Portuguese keyboard music that are played well by Felicja Blumental (London).

In Schubert's Impromptus Op. 142—beautiful examples of his fully matured writing for the piano—Clifford Curzon does the best playing I have heard from him (London). It is more expansive and slower-moving than Schnabel's, but convincing in its own way; and it has the advantage of clearer and fuller recorded sound—to say nothing of the quiet, as against the crackling and scraping of the scratched copies of the Schnabel record. On the other hand the Schnabel record offers the Impromptus Op. 90 in addition to Op. 142.

Prokofiev's early Sonatas Nos. 3 and 4, and later No. 8, are played well by Robert Cornman (London). No. 3, in one movement, begins with gay toccata-like material which quiets down for a lyrical section; and this material of the exposition and recapitulation makes the piece an engaging one even with the uninteresting development. No. 4 has a rambling quasi-improvisatory first movement; a fine lyrical Andante, low-pitched and somber at first, high-pitched and lovely later on, then combining low and high; and a good concluding movement. The first movement of No. 8 begins with an Andante section of involved distorted lyricism, which returns after some toccata-like figuration; in the second movement a sugary theme is heard through harmonically astringent figuration; and the third brings an explosion of motor energy in toccata-like figuration which returns after a quiet interlude over an ostinato bass. When Horowitz first played No. 8 in 1945 I heard Szigeti say it was a return to the early Prokofiev; but the lyricism of Prokofiev's early works is quite different from the involved "modern" distortion of it in the first movement of the Sonata No. 8, and from the sugar flavored with acid in the second movement.

Playing the recent Bruno Walter records on my New York phonograph I find that the sound in the Mozart "Haffner" and G minor Symphonies is a little dry and sharp; that the orchestra accompanying George London in Mozart arias sounds like a little group crowded together in a little studio; and that Eleanor Steber's voice in Mozart arias is occasionally shrill in a high note and occasionally excessively tremulous. These faults make her singing in *Mi tradi* from "Don Giovanni" not agreeable to listen to; but elsewhere it is magnificent.

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Letters

On the Vandals Among Us

Dear Sirs: The Vandals Are Among Us, by Matthew Josephson [*The Nation*, September 26], is a remarkably clear and forceful presentation of the looming threat of bigotry to modern art. I sincerely hope that this fine article will be widely read by educators, politicians, and all who are actively interested in the preservation of freedom of expression in this democracy.

PAUL HYDE BONNER,
Member of the Board of Trustees of the American Federation of Arts
New York

Dear Sirs: I found Mr. Josephson's article very interesting and extremely important. There is no question in my mind that it deserves as wide a distribution as possible.

HERMAN BARON,
New York Director, ACA Gallery

Dear Sirs: The Nation has seen its manifest duty and done it. Congratulations for the clear thinking that produced the good writing of Matthew Josephson.

ANGELA KINKEAD,
Editor, San Francisco Art
San Francisco *Association* Bulletin

Reconstruction First

Dear Sirs: Probably no peace parley within living memory has faced as tough a problem as confronts the forthcoming political conference on Korea. An almost limitless divergence is likely as to the means of attaining Korean freedom and unity, and until the enmities and suspicions created by three years of bitter war have been moderated it would seem to be inviting disaster to rush headlong at these problems and attempt a quick solution.

In any case it may be the better part of wisdom to strive first of all for an interim arrangement which stabilizes the present political division of the country so as to give time for more moderate counsels to prevail on both sides of the Thirty-eighth Parallel. But apart from this, is there not a good deal to be said for concentrating first and foremost on the economic rehabilitation and physical reconstruction of both Koreas—if possible under a unified plan and utilizing resources drawn from both the Communist and the non-Communist world? This would be to put first things first, anyway. Political unification can wait—will probably have to wait for quite a time. But the satisfaction of the basic human needs of all Koreans, whether North or South, is an overwhelming necessity.

Since the United Nations was a party to the conflict it might be necessary and expedient for its own already established Korean reconstruction agency to give way to an ad hoc International Relief and Reconstruction Commission for Korea set up by the political conference and plentifully manned, if not controlled, by nations that have had no direct part in the fighting. It would draw its resources from all prepared to provide them. And the recent Russian and Polish decisions to contribute for the first time to the United Nations Expanded Technical Assistance Program may be a favorable omen for Communist participation in such an all-embracing effort to heal the material wounds of a peculiarly destructive war.

Guilford, England GERALD BAILEY

Bertrand Russell and "Preventive War"

[*The following letter from Bertrand Russell was received by a reader of* The Nation *and is printed with the permission of Earl Russell and the recipient.*]

Dear Sirs: The story that I supported a preventive atom war against Russia is a Communist invention. I once spoke at a meeting at which only one reporter was present and he was a Communist, though reporting for orthodox newspapers. He seized his opportunity, and in spite of my utmost efforts I have never been able to undo the harm. Krishna Menon, with whom I had collaborated for years on Indian affairs, turned against me. The *New Statesman* in London wrote assuming the truth of the report, and it was only by visiting the editor in company with my lawyer that I induced the *New Statesman* to publish a long letter of refutation from me. You are at liberty to make any use you like of this letter, and I shall be glad if you can make its contents known to anybody who still believes the slanderous report.

BERTRAND RUSSELL
Richmond, England

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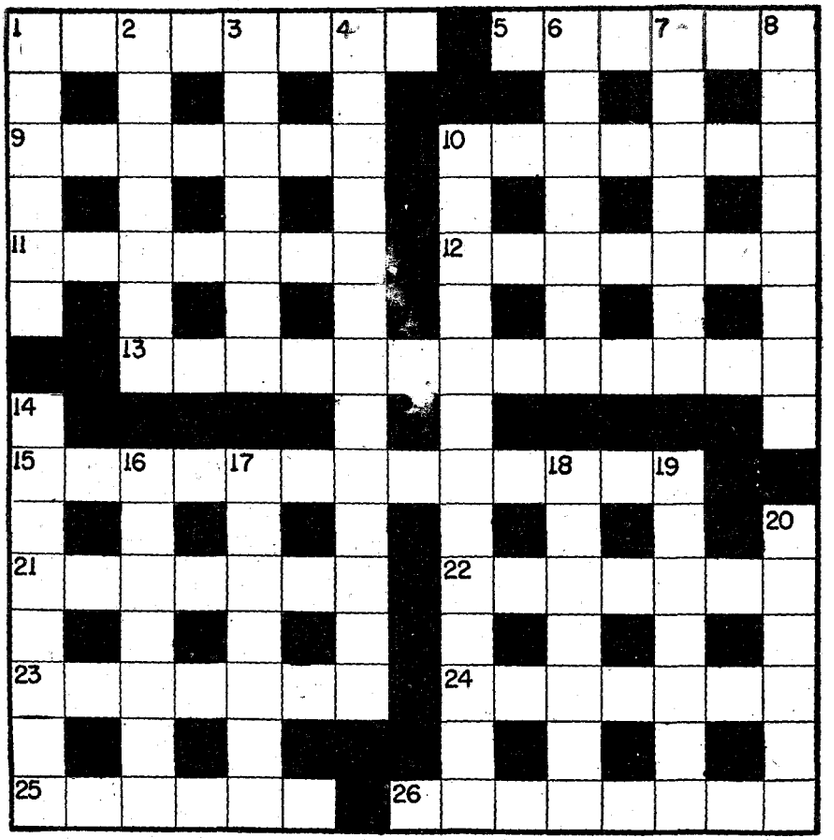
Crossword Puzzle No. 537

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A helper goes after a heavy load without a key. (8)
5 Jersey is one in the 11. (6)
9 Within easy range, but you'd better use a holder if so! (3, 4)
10 A rather unusual drawing. (7)
11 Your most common association is probably by number rather than frequency. (7)
12 It's not appreciated if one's act brings down the house. (7)
13 He practices legerdemain rather than makes something to guard against your fixing digits. (13)
15 Reputedly a graceful creature. (8, 5)
21 Three-dimensioned space by the sound of it. (7)
22 Angelic painter? (7)
23 Bert, the comedian, is taken out of 22, as a clue. (7)
24 Do rains make such encroachments? (7)
25 Appears suddenly like a leg is broken, to a certain degree. (6)
26 Certainly not bare chests! (8)

DOWN

1 The way you have your cap set determines your facial expression. (6)
2 You'll never get in first this way! (7)
3 Part of the Gold Coast sounds like a mean place to live. (7)
4 Perhaps Forester should have used him to portray Horatio as a lad. (6, 3, 4)
6 Raimu, as made up in foreign character. (7)
7 Permanent dwelling? (7)
8 Planted like Shakespeare's constable. (8)
10 Hester Prynne was one, perhaps, but not in the service of the government. (6, 7)
14 Keeping on hand or on foot. (8)
16 The way to make a debit be refulgent. (3, 4)
17 Does the medical sort sound like this? (7)
18 Makes known black magic, seemingly. (7)
19 Help up the lowly from the rock. (7)
20 Acts as an obstructionist about churches. (6)

• ✠ •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 536

ACROSS: 1 ERRATIC; 5 ACCEDED; 9 CHOLERA; 10 GNOSTIC; 11 ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY; 12 ENDURED; 13 SLEETED; 14 DESPOTS; 17 PRECEDE; 20 BREAKFAST CEREAL; 21 NOMINAL; 22 DECANTS; 23 SADISTS; 24 MUSCLES.

DOWN:—1 ENCLOSE; 2 ROOSTED; 3 THE SPORT OF KINGS; 4 CHAFFED; 5 ANGELUS; 6 CROSS REFERENCES; 7 DETROIT; 8 DECOYED; 14 DEBUNKS; 15 STEAMED; 16 STAPLES; 17 POTSDAM; 18 ETERNAL; 19 ENLISTS.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York.

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John T. McManus Reviews Howard Fast's New Novel*

The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti

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*From *The National Guardian*, September 28, 1953.

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